

THE MACON BEACON.  
Macon, Mississippi.

H. FERRIS, Editor.

Wednesday, Aug. 8.

See fourth page.

We are indebted to a Druggist for our paper making its appearance in due time. We being absent, E. W. Ferris so little to write about that one letter ought to cover all, and I do not like to write the same thing often. Then again, there are none so poorly off in this broad world as to be destitute of friends, and I flatter myself that there are those about my home who would be glad to hear from me who do not expect a special letter; and notwithstanding I have nothing interesting to write, still I think my writing will be read with some interest by many of your readers.

**MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.**—We would remind the members of the Noxubee Rifles, that next Saturday is the time appointed to arrange the time and place for the next encampment. Turn out strong.

**HOUSE FURNISHING STORE.**—We call attention to the advertisement of E. H. Buck & Co. Their stock consists chiefly of a new and varied assortment of everything pertaining to the household Store under the Masonic Hall.

**CAMPAIGN PAPERS.**—The Mobile press are issuing special papers for the Presidential campaign. The Advertiser is for Bell and Everett, the Tribune, and the Mercury, are for Breckinridge and Lane, and the Register is for Douglas and Johnson. Each one issues a large weekly sheet until the result of the election is known, for \$1.

To TRAVELLERS.—See the advertisement of Mr. Woodward in another column.

**GRAT EXCITEMENT.**—The recent attempt at murder by the negro on Mr. Smith's plantation, has excited a very deep feeling in the community. There was a disposition manifested to take the negro out of jail and hang him; but better counsel prevailed, and he will wait the tardy process of the law. He will be hung, certain, under the law, and we think with a more salutary effect than taking him out by force and in violation of law.

**BROKE JAIL.**—The Democrat published at DeKalb, says the jail at that place was broken open and Jack Gury, Wm. Peal and a runaway negro escaped.

**LARGE CORN.**—We have an ear of corn from Mr. J. C. Colbert's plantation, which measures twelve inches in length and seven inches in circumference, and 960 grains on the cob.

**LETTERS.**—The Postmaster General has issued special orders to postmasters to charge no letters. The stamps must be put on before the letters are dropped in the office. Don't complain of the local P. M. if you find your letters remaining in the office.

**CONVALESCENT.**—Mr. Peterson whom we mentioned last week as being in a dangerous state from the blow of an axe by a negro, is recovering.

**MR. FOOTE'S LETTER.**—We are obliged to Mr. H. W. Foote, for some incidents of travel. There are some one or more of our fellow-townsman nearly always on the tramp, who might well follow the example of Mr. F. The "Can't-get-away" people would be more interested than they imagine, in matters they may think not worthy of notice.

**DEMOCRATIC MEETING.**—There was a meeting of the Democratic Club, on Monday, Dr. A. E. Fant, in the chair. A committee was appointed to wait on Hon. W. Barksdale, who was in town, to address the meeting. Pending the absence of the committee, Dr. Lyles made an open "concession" that he had been "slashing round" for five years, and then gave in his adhesion to B. and L. Dr. Fant gave them absolution and told them to go and sin no more.

Mr. Barksdale spoke about two hours. There was quite a large meeting of the people in town. One strong man challenged any Douglas man in town to combat, but there was none found who would fight *Dexter*.

**MURDER.**—We learn from persons from Columbus that Marshall Newton was shot in the street last Saturday by a man named John A. Curtis.

A runaway negro, the property of Mr. Cole, of Lauderdale county, was captured by Mr. Dunlap near his place, six miles below Enterprise, last week. The negro had a gun and bowie-knife in his possession. Mr. Dunlap had to shoot him in order to arrest him, the shot taking effect in his shoulder and arm, but not seriously injuring him. *Enterprise News.*

Rev. John Sanderson, of Norfolk county, Va., has paid his negroes the present season \$550 for corn raised for their own benefit on his farm. One negro earned \$156.

For the Beacon.  
Sketches of Travel.

**MR. EDITOR:** Several of my friends requested me, upon my departure from Macon, to write to them, and if you will allow me, I will address them all at once through your paper. I adopt this plan for the more readily, not only because it will save me trouble, but because I have turned his hand to an old bellow, and I do not like to write the same thing often. Then again,

there are none so poorly off in this broad world as to be destitute of friends, and I flatter myself that there are those about my home who would be glad to hear from me who do not expect a special letter; and notwithstanding I have nothing

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writing will be read with some interest by many of your readers.

I left the quiet and delightful village of Macon, as you may know, on the 11th day of July, found the country all along the road to Mobile, hot, dry and very much parched up—many crops of corn almost worthless, and the cotton exceedingly small. The city of Mobile was altogether too hot for comfort, and duller than I ever saw it. Here I was detained two days by a new arrangement of the beats and the failure of one to go out on Friday. To make the best of it, however, I accepted an invitation of that estimable gentleman Judge McKinstry, went with him "over the bay to Point Clear," and in the midst of his delightfully spent a pleasant time. I learned that fourteen had died or succumbed the day of my arrival in Mobile, and six deaths had been heard of by dinner on the day I left. I left Mobile on Saturday morning on board the steamer *Couquette*, a very appropriate name, one which if she had never met before, this trip would fully have entitled her to. After divers sleepings and pullings over sandbars and the like, we reached Montgomery about 8 o'clock, Tuesday. He who is so much beloved about Macon, to wit, Rev. James A. Heard, and his excellent family, called at the "Exchange" and would have myself, and those with me, at the Parsonage to tea. It was pleasant to be there, but the arrival of a coach warned us that the time for the departure of the cars was near at hand; so we must needs leave this cheerful family, all in excellent health as their many friends will be glad to know.

Leaving Montgomery at night I can say nothing of the creeps until we reached the night-herald of Atlanta, when the prospect is decidely worse than in Mississippi. I saw thousands of acres of corn that would not make as much as was planted, and quantities of cotton that will not be known high if it shall continue to grow three years at the same rate it has this season; and once for all, this is about the same condition of things as far as I have traveled, except immediately around Augusta, where it seems they have had rain, and the probabilities for bread somewhat more cheering.

There are many scenes of beauty along this route of travel; not least amongst them is the stone mountain, a short distance south of Atlanta. This is indeed, as its name indicates, a vast mountain of stone, seemingly immediately on the road, but really one mile from it; though easily encompassed by the eye, its extent is far greater than one would suppose, being one mile high and its base about eleven miles in circumference. Upon its top is a house of considerable dimensions, but looks very small from the railroad. Fresh quantities of stone are being taken and dressed by workmen for transportation wherever demanded. There is a circuitous road to its summit, which is visited by large numbers of persons.

On the morning of Thursday, the 19th, about daylight, I reached Charleston; not the capital, but the largest city of my native State, South Carolina.

Later in the evening I went over to Sullivan's Island to see some relatives. Here I spent a few days very pleasantly.

Although the weather was oppressive here in the city, the sea breezes on the Island rendered it quite comfortable, and the scene upon the beach the most delightful and grand I ever saw. No one who has not stood upon a beach, and seen a brave ship, a majestic steamer, or the like, in a smooth, sparkling with the water, can have any conception of it. It is so hopeless a thing to stand upon the shore and listen to the wind roaring in its fury, and to see the waves dashing in mad, gyrations higher and higher, while the frail and cracking timbers creak, keep those on board from sinking into the sea, is enough to excite the sympathies and gentle feelings of all who have any. But when the gentle breeze blows steadily and the mysterious tide comes rolling in, when each succeeding wave rolls on and on, each contesting with the other and striving which can look grandest and reach farthest into land—and as these rushing billows or surging waves come with the soft, sweet light of the bright shining moon with no glare to distract the eye, is indeed lovely—then add to these the beacon lights—as well from the heights as from the neighboring islands and coasts around—then view the well regulated gas lights in the city, a distance of seven miles, in connexion with old Fort Moultrie, the magnificent Forts Sumpter and Pinckney, and you have a sight worth seeing. I should not regret my loss of time from home, were these the only remuneratives I shall have. While gazing upon these scenes so fondly, I thought of many whom I would gladly have had by my side to contemplate with me all this loveliness.

I have said nothing about politics because at the present time there are no politics worth saying anything about.

That which formerly divided men into

parties for the good of our government or country, has sunk into a mere partisan warfare; and those principles which once exalted men to deeds of valor and patriotism, have been lost sight of by our leading men, and individual preference taken place.

There is but little excitement about the Presidential election where I have been. In South Carolina, all are for Breckinridge. In Georgia and Alabama, there is considerable division amongst the Democrats upon Breckinridge and Douglass. So much so, indeed, that the Bell men hope to carry these States, easily.

Respectfully,  
H. W. FOOTE.  
Chester, C. H., So. Car.  
July 27, 1860.

Black Republicanism in Virginia.

On our outside we notice the excitement in reference to the erection of a black republican flag. We give below the end of the matter. We might have thought that the men and the pole would have been cut down together, but we suppose Virginia conservatism prevails:

On the morning of the 25th the "Republicans" hoisted the American flag and the party ensign bearing the names of Lincoln and Hamlin.

"We learn from a private letter that S. A. D. Foster, suspected of being an accomplice in the burning of the dwelling house of M. L. Moody at Quitman, some months ago, had been arrested, and was to have a preliminary trial at that place.

"Foster is a printer, and worked last fall a short time in this office. He was at Quitman when the burning occurred, and came to this city the next day, and gave us the first news of the burning, which we published at the time, telling us, at the same time, that there was much excitement on the subject. He left us, saying he was going off by the New Orleans boat that day. He was followed and diligently sought after, in a quiet way, by citizens of Quitman.

Our informant does not write us how he has fallen into the hands of those who were so anxious to get hold of him. He professes his innocence. If the right clue is got hold of, we are of opinion there will be a tale unfolded that some people have not dreamed of.

**MILITARY SIGNALS.**—The system of military signals invented by Assistant Surgeon Albert J. Myer, of the Medical Corps of the army, has received the sanction of congress, and will be used in a quiet way, by citizens of Quitman.

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**M**